

CANDOUR

Or, An Occasional

ESSAY

ON THE

ABUSE

OF

WIT AND ELOQUENCE.

By

[Signature]

*Homo ingentissimus nequissimus
Et facundus malo publico.*

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C A M D O U R

E S S A Y

ON THE

A B U S E

OF

WIT AND EVIDENCE



Printed and sold by M. D. ...
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M DCCCXIV

(P. in Oct. 1814)

AN OCCASIONAL
ESSAY

On the ABUSE of

WIT and ELOQUENCE.

ENOUGH has Satire vicious Times bewail'd,
Error expos'd, and at Corruption rail'd,
Invented Crimes, and magnify'd Offence,
Beyond the Credibility of common Sense:
Satire herself a publick Grievance grown,
Nor spares the Altar, nor reveres the Throne;
Flatt'ring the People with insidious Praise,
The Heart to alienate, the Arm to raise,
To shake Obedience, insult legal Power,
Subvert the State, and Anarchy restore.

Is there, thro' Lust of Lucre or Revenge,
 Who meditates an Halcyon Scene to change ?
 Whom, Plenty, Peace, and Liberty displease,
 Who seeks from Licence Power, from Riot Ease ?
 Prevent Him Heaven ! subdue his Heart of Steel !
 Avert such Woe ! He sly ought to feel !
 He, who indignant of a private Life,
 His Country hopes t'involve in Civil Strife.

So shall Ambition like a Flood devour,
 The Edifice of Ages in an Hour ;
 Dire Avarice rich Provinces lay waste,
 And Crowns be subject to a doubtful Cast ;
 All Right divine, all humane shall submit,
 To make one wretched Politician Great.

Yet see him foremost in the List of Fame !
 Egregious Object of the Poet's Flame !
 In Him behold ! Gifts all-sufficient thrive,
 New-born in Grace, and canoniz'd alive !

Oh Heav'n directed Muse ! inspired Pen !
 To deal out Plagues, and wash the Leper clean !
 See ! the State-Cripple halt to touch thy Shrine,
 To rule in Senates, and in Courts to shine !
 See ! beardless Patriots, recent from the Stews,
 Reform a Nation, and a Council chuse !
 Prelates and Nobles pass thy ordeal Fire,
 Commencing Saints of thy selected Choir.
 Behold ! creative and destructive Power,
 Glory, and Shame, cohabit in thy Bower :
 Thy Mint alone exhibits sterling Sense,
 All current Characters must issue thence ;
 There *Curio's* Sand amasses to a Bust,
 And *Cato's* Marble moulders into Dust.

Great Genius hear ! this Fault too oft attends
 Superior Wit, — a partial Choice of Friends :
 And, candid, pardon this well-meaning Line,
 Thy Heart is humane, and thy Works divine ;

Each

Each deathless Verse among the Gods shall gain
 A Crown, each Passion prove thee but a Man;
 Thy Mind not yet admits Perfection's Ray,
 Awhile obstructed by the cumb'rous Clay;
 Tho', smiling on thy Birth, th'auspicious Arts
 Conspir'd t'adorn thy universal Parts;
 We view thee Master-piece of Nature's Pow'r;
 We Reverence pay, — we only not adore.

To pry, to rail, to menace and accuse,
 Seem not the Marks of a celestial Muse;
 Vengeance to wake, and Coals of Wrath to blow,
 The Province is of Man's infernal Foe.
 If solemn Songs cou'd exorcise the Times,
 And crush the Growth of pestilential Crimes;
 'Twere god-like then to chasten, and prevent
 By milder Means, an heavier Punishment;
 But for each venial Sin of Youth, or Age,
 Helpless Defect, or accidental Rage,

No Order, Sex, Society to spare,
Is with the World to wage incessant War.

Patient great Judge of Writings, and of Men;

In healing Ways employ thy gen'rous Pen;

Explore the various Mazes of the Heart,

To mend its Nature, and direct its Art:

In Words of wondrous Force, so shalt thou raise

Fruitful Effects of Censure, and of Praise:

Virtue delight to view, each conscious Charm;

And Vice abhor, her own specific Form;

Dear to the Just, and courted by the Brave,

And dreadful only to the Dunces and Knave:

Thy sacred Notes shall sound thro' *Esber's* Grove;

The Goddess own thee, and the Master love;

Party-Confusion feel thy plattick Hand,

And *Twicknam* be the *Delphos* of the Land.

Thus, tho' inflam'd with Wine, and wanton Fires,
Licentious Youth indulge their wild Desires;

Rush into Riot, Innocence annoy,
 Beauty their Prey, and Violence their Joy;
 Yet if some virtuous Maid of awful Air,
 (Such Power attends the virtuous and fair)
 Rebuke their Rage, with a becoming Pride,
 Abash'd they gaze, all vicious Thoughts subside;
 Each Convert drives his Duty to improvement
 And reconcile her all superior Love.

Whence all this Clamour of Decay of Parts,
 In martial Prowess, and civilized Arts,
 Prove Satire! prove, where Britain's Genius fails,
 Where sacred Justice boasts more equal Scales,
 Where Learning, Worth, or Glory more prevails.

Well skill'd his History, Causes to decide,
 And be'r Wit's Empire to the world provide
 O—w attempers well the Senate's Flame,

And ~~Sp—~~ *William Pitt* to Churchill's Fame
 Licentious Youth indulge their wild Delires;

Rush

C

Hark!

Hark! the loud *Pleas* of that laurell'd *Line*;
 Spirit of Slander! hearken, and repine!
 Truth thou shalt hear—nay, Truth thou shalt proclaim,
 Forc'd to reverberate the Voice of Fame.
 Does *W—de* want Honour? Is *C—th—t* a Tool?
W—y a Knave, or *W—nn—n* a Fool?
 Lo! *C—sb*, *C—t*, *L—d*, *F—ch*, and *G—r*,
 Impregnate *Britain* with each *Roman* Ore.
 Imps of new *Rome*, and dull *Geneva's* Spawn!
 Forbear t'insult the venerable *Laun*.
 Who of your Tribe in Merit can compare
 With *P—r*, *G—n*, *Cl—t*, *G—ch*, or *H—re*?
 Within the Bosom of this chosen Land,
 Heav'n-born Religion! does thy Image stand;
 Humble her Posture, and her Brow serene,
 Gentle her Discipline, and her Doctrine plain;
 Prudence sincere, and candid Patience join
 In calm Devotion, at her awful Shine:
 No pious Frauds around her Altar wait;
 No painful Terrors vex her peaceful State:

Each

Each Shepherd with his Flock in Union dwells;
 One Hope, one Faith, Her future Bliss reveals;
 Wide o'er the Earth her Banners are display'd,
 Her God is worship'd, and her King obey'd;
 A blameless Race, see! *Britain* now afford,
 To wear her spotless robes, and wield her matchless sword.

Some Soils there are will no Improvement bear,
 But self-sufficient, mock the Tiller's Care;
 See! noxious Weeds, and nutrimental Wheat,
 Luxuriant rise, and form a rival State!
 Such *Wilmott* was, a Prodigy of Sense,
 Spurr'd by elastick Vigour to dispense,
 With curbing Reason, and reforming Rule,
 Supreme alike in Vice, and Virtue's School:
 Read him with Rapture, yet with Caution read;
 A subtle Serpent lurks beneath the Shade,
 Of branching Knowledge, Friend to hasty Sense,
 But fatal in the well-weigh'd Consequence.

In the moist Climate of this foggy Isle,
Num'rous as Monsters on the Bank of Nile,
A Race of Earthfast Wits shine forth,
Like Meteors of more Wonder, than of Worth;
They blaze a while, with ineffectual Light;
Or serve, but to inebriate the Sight,
Then sudden sink in Error's endless Night.

Opprest with phlegm, long labour'd Hobbs to prove
Man was an Alien to the Gods above;
Brute-like ordain'd to wear the Yoke of Man,
As Force could conquer, or as Fraud obtain;
Religion, Conscience, Faith — a Fable all
And Fear the constant Bias of the Soul;
Th' Impostor vaught, and led Mankind astray,
To every Passion, every Vice a Prey;
Accurs'd himself in conscious Fear to dwell,
Fear, that transformed a Chastworth to an Hell;

And in Oblivion's Danger, his

His hateful Memory exists alone,

In his Disciple's Ruin, and his own.

The Will of Heaven's not always understood,

Nor Gifts of Nature tend to publick Good;

Excess of Wit or Beauty proves a Curse,

The more inspir'd, the Object fares the worse;

Virtue and Wisdom, hardly can controul,

Th' impetuous Poison of th' infected Soul.

How distant Curio's Principle and Parts?

Of Heads the first, the last of human Hearts:

Sempronia hides, beneath a faultless Frame,

Vices to various, and too foul to name;

Still cheat her Eyes, and still deludes his Tongue,

Ever at Work, and ever in the wrong;

Till ripe in Mischief, to a Nuisance grown,

Like murd'rous Basilisks, each reigns alone.

See! Lust of Fame urge all of human Race;

Laws some t'invade, some Temples to deface,

And in Oblivion's Danger Infamy embrace.

See!

See! Blasts of Envy, like a Tempest blow,
And with a *Nero* level a *Nassau*.

See! when the magick Arts of Faction paint,
The blackest Traitor prove the whitest Saint.

Milton, sage Father of the sacred Throng,

Varnish'd Rebellion, and debas'd his Song:

In Heav'n he seems to palliate *Satan's* Pride,

On Earth to triumph when the Martyr died;

Yet shall *Britannia's* vocal Sons proclaim

His Pen their Glory, tho' his Cause their Shame:

Princes shall stretch their Bounty to his Heirs,

And gracious view his Tomb approach to theirs.

Hail peaceful Sanctuary of the Great,

Where all that flourish'd share one common Fate,

In Arts or Arms, in Poetic or State:

Here end your Labours, *Newton* and *Nassau*,

Knowledge to gain, and Freedom to bestow.

Here shou'd the Muse retire, and ceaseless mourn,

In pious Strains o'er *CAROLINA's* Urn;

But

But awful Care forbids fond Tears to flow,
 And tenderly revive the publick Woe;
 'Tis Her's to rest above, 'tis Our's to toil below.

See! worldly Man Life's various Hour employ,
 In vain Anxiety, or vainer Joy;
 Of Ease impatient, studious to invent,
 Th' Extreame of Superfluity, and Want;
 Tardy to practise, vigilant to teach,
 And rail at Talents he despairs to reach;
 Prompt in high Stations Merit to deplore,
 And puff his own Perfections into Pow'r;
 Whatever Is, his after Wit condemns,
 And what shall Be, his Foresight daily dreams;
 National Wealth his artificial Note,
 Whilst in himself centers each partial Thought;
 In publick Characters so very nice,
 From every Virtue he refines a Vice:
 By Flattery some, more by Detraction thrive;
 And all to grasp that Idol Honour strive;
 Shipwreck'd

Tempt Fortune's Sea who will, I'll keep the Shore,

Shipwreck'd of all, all that Men value most,

The Balm of Health, the Bliss of Friendship lost,

Floating on feeble Planks I seek no certain Coast;

The Freight of Life desirous to restore,

From whence it came, but still deny'd the Power.

Yet let me not repine at Heav'n's Decree;

Possess of Patience, and Integrity;

Forgetful of past Grief, let Me prefer,

In Hopes of future Aid, this serious Prayer.

Grant me, just Heav'n, the Remnant of my Days,

To waste with Men not arrogant of Praise,

Nor negligent, who not with Envy pine,

Nor swell with Pride, guiltless of base Design,

Or foul Distrust, whom stordly Passions join;

With whom t'indulge in Sports and Exercise,

In no mean Study, no ignoble Ease:

If to this Lot you'll add, I'll not refuse,

A chearful Help-mate, and a sober Muse:

Tempt Fortune's Sea who will, I'll keep the Shore,
And traffick with the Bankrupt Jilt no more.

Smilt with my Country's Love, I grant me to bring

No vulgar Gift, when I presume to sing,

A Loyal People, and a Patriot King,

A Sovereign watchful o'er his Subject's Right,

Heav'n's favourite Image, and Mankind's Delight;

Confirm'd in Vigour, and in Mind mature,

Eager of Battle, and of Conquest sure;

Yet half his Strength he checks, half of his Pow'r,

With matchless Prudence, he reserves in store:

Superior to Revenge, he seeks Redress,

Well-pleas'd, as Heav'n first tries th' Extent of Grace,

To win proud Nations to his Terms of Peace:

So let them timely shun wide-wasting War,

And deprecate his Thunder from a far;

Or, soon convinc'd, shall each Offender know,

He patient pauses, to secure his Blow,

And guard his Subjects, while he strikes his Foe.

When

When chafed Breasts with Thirst of Glory pant,
 Left the quick Pulse from Success prevent,
 'Tis Policy to calm the fervent Field,
 And bid fierce Rage to fair Occasion yield.
 Thus in th' Olympick Games, the Charioteer
 Curb'd his swift Couriers in their wild Career;
 Nor all their Speed provok'd, they heard the Rein,
 And with obedient Steps devour'd the Plain.
 Temerity in Pride begins the Race,
 Self-pleas'd, but ends self-tir'd in Disgrace.
 As yet 'tis Peace, as yet the Nations wait
 The Will of Kings, suspended stands the Fate
 Of Regions wide remote, now Hope, now Fear
 Employs their Councils, and divides their Care;
 Whilst adverse Motions, like the rushing Wind,
 And rolling Wave, some rising Storm portend;
 Fixt as a Rock amid the foamy Main,
 Britannia views the Tumult with Disdain,

Trusting

Trusting her Empire to a Pilot's Power,
 Whose steadfast Prudence rules the mad Upstart.
 Be ever watchful gon' thro' every Tide;
 Who Liberty aboard the Vessel guide:
 Be ever righteous in the publick Cause,
 You! who enact, and who enforce the Laws;
 Excel in Arts of Peace, in Arms succeed;
 You! who the Battel or the Senate lead;
 Each Path to Fame inflexible pursue,
 Living, yet hope, not envy to subdue;
 Malice will rage alas! even Virtue rail,
 And human Spite o'er human Worth prevail:
 Thro' this rough Brake must the stern Statesman pass;
 These are, Ye Candidates the rugged Ways,
 To present Dignity, and future Praise:
 Alike in Virtue, and alike in Fate,
 Illustrious Men, Preservers of the State:
Scipio from *Rome*, from *Britain* *Marlboro'* trod,
 In voluntary Exile, this ungrateful Road.

Oh

Oh *Rome* ! Oh *Britain* ! fam'd from Pole to Pole,
 For boundless Force, and Liberty of Soul,
 In War invincible, polite in Peace,
 Constant alike in Danger, and Success !
 Yet shall some Footsteps of Reproach remain,
 Rage of Dominion, and dire Lust of Gain,
 Whilst thus the Hero, and the Patriot stand,
 An injur'd Instance of a thankless Land.

Oppos'd by Faction, in his publick Cares,
 Vext by meek Tribunes, and a Mob of P—rs,
Cecil awhile declin'd the Toils of State ;
 Undaunted Object of unworthy Hate !
 Licence and Party-Rage usurp'd the Land,
 And shook the Sceptre in *ELIZA*'s Hand !
 Till civil Prudence plac'd him at the Helm,
 By the loud Voice of the united Realm :
 Freedom and legal Pow'r, triumphant shone,
 And spread Obedience round *ELIZA*'s Throne :

His

His State Experience, and his Patriot Zeal,
 At once upheld the Crown, and Commonwealth
 Succeeding Times his Policy confest,
 And felt his Virtue flame in *W—le's* Breast:
 What Time *Britannia*, Queen of Nations pays
 Due Vows to Heav'n, for *W—le's* Length of Days:
 Peace clad in Robes, and Fury bound in Chains,
 Convince a stubborn Race, a new Augustus reigns.

F I N I S